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HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

THE GIFT OF

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No.

EPITHALAMIA:

OR

NVPTIALL POEMS

VPON THE MOST BLESSED AND HAPPIE MARIAGE BETWEENE the High and Mightie Prince FREDERICK the *fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhein, Duke* of Bauier, &c.

AND THE MOST VERTVOVS, GRACIOVS AND THRICE EXCELLENT PRINCESSE, ELIZABETH, SOLE Daughter to our dread Soueraigne, IAMES by *the grace of God King of Great Britaine,* France and Ireland, defender *of the Faith, &c.*

CELEBRATED AT WHITE-HALL the fourteenth of Februarie, 1612.

Written by GEORGE WITHER.

AT LONDON,
Imprinted for *Edward Marchant*, and are to be sold at his shop ouer against the Croſſe in Pauls Church-yeard. 1612.

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HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
WILLIAM A. WHITE
JUNE 26, 1930

TO THE ALL-VERTVOVS AND THRICE EXCELLENT PRINCESSE, ELIZABETH, SOLE DAVGHTER TO OVR DREAD SOVERAIGNE, IAMES BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING OF GREAT BRITANE, FRANCE AND IRELAND, &c.

AND WIFE

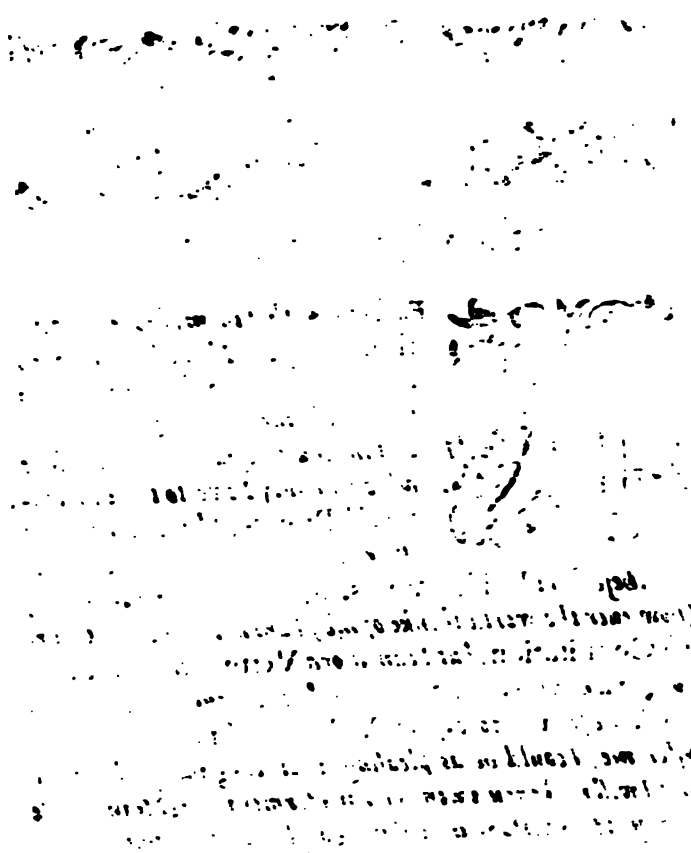
TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE, FREDERICK THE FIFTH, COVNT PALATINE OF THE RHEIN, DVKE OF BAVIER, &c. ELECTOR AND ARCH-SEWER TO THE SACRED ROMAN EMPIRE, DVRING THE VACANCIE VICAR OF THE SAME, AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST HONORABLE ORDER OF THE GARTER:

GEORGE WITHER WISHETH ALL THE HEALTH, IOYES, HONOVRS AND FELICITIES OF THIS WORLD IN THIS LIFE, AND THE PERFECTIONS OF ETERNITIE IN THE WORLD TO COME.

To the Christian Readers.

Eaders; for that in my booke of Satyricall Eſſayes, *I haue been deemed ouer* Cynicall; *to ſhew, that I am not wholy inclined to that* Vaine: *But indeed eſpecially, out of the loue which in duty I owe to thoſe incomparable* Princes, *I haue in honor of their* Royall Solemnities, *Publiſhed theſe ſhort* Epithalamiaes. *By which you may perceaue, (how euer the world thinke of me) I am not of ſuch a Churliſh* Conſtitution, *but I can afford* Vertue *her deſerued honor; and haue as well an affable looke to encourage* Honeſtie; *as a ſterne frowne to caſt on* Villanie; *If the* times *would ſuffer me, I could be as pleaſing as others; and perhaps ere long I will make you amends for my former rigor; Meane while I commit this vnto your cenſures; and bid you farewell.*

G. W.



EPITHALAMION.

BRight *Northerne* Star, and faire *Mineruaes* peere,
Sweet *Lady* of this *Day*: *Great Britans* deere,
Loe thy poore *Vaſſall*, that was erſt ſo rude,
With his moſt *Ruſtick Satyre* to intrude,
Once more, like a poore *Siluan* now drawes neare;
And in thy ſacred *Preſence* dares appeare.
Oh let not that ſweete *Bowe* thy *Browe* be bent,
To ſcarre him with a *Shaft* of diſcontent.
One looke with *Anger*, nay thy gentleſt *Frowne*,
Is twice enough to caſt a *Greater* downe.
My *Will* is euer, neuer to offend,
Theſe that are good; and what I here entend,
Your *Worth* compels me to; For lately greeu'd,
More then can be expreſt, or well beleeu'd:
Minding for euer to abandon ſport,
And liue exilde from places of reſort;
Careles of all, I yeelding to ſecurity,
Thought to ſhut vp my *Muſe* in darke obſcuritie.
And in content, the better to repoſe,
A lonely *Groue* vpon a *Mountaine* choſe.
Eaſt from *Caer Winn*, midway twixt *Arle* and *Dee*,
Two *Springs*, where *Britans* true *Arcadia* is.
But ere I entred my entended courſe,
Great Æolus began to offer force.

The

Epithalamia.

* He here remembers, and deſcribes the late Winter which was ſo exceeding tempeſtuous and windy.

* The boyſterous *King* was growne ſo mad with rage;
That all the Earth, was but his furies ſtage.
Fyre, Ayre, Earth, Sea, were intermixt in one:
Yet *Fyre*, through *Water, Earth*, and *Ayre* ſhone.
The *Sea*, as if ſhe ment to whelme them vnder,
Beat on the *Cliffs*, and rag'd more loud then thunder:
And whil'ſt the *Vales* ſhe with ſalt waues did fill;
The *Ayre* ſhow'rd *Flouds*, that drencht our higheſt hill,
And the proud trees, that would no duty know;
Lay ouerturned, twenties in a Rowe.
Yea euery Man for feare, fell to *Deuotion*;
Leaſt the whole *Ile* ſhould haue been drencht in th'Occã.
Which I peceiuing coniur'd vp my *Muſe*,
The *Spirit* whoſe good helpe I ſometime vſe;
And though I ment to breake her reſt no more,
I was then faine her ayd for to implore.
And by her helpe indeed, I came to know,
Why, both the *Ayre*, and *Seas*, were troubled ſo.
For hauing vrg'd her, that ſhe would vnfold
What cauſe ſhe knewe: Thus much at laſt ſhe told.
Of late (quoth ſhe) *there is by powers Diuine;*
A match concluded, twixt Great Thame *and* Rhine.
Two famous Riuers, *equall both to* Nile:
The one, the pride of Europes *greateſt Ile.*
Th'other diſdaining to be cloſely pent,
Waſhes a great part, of the Continent.
Yet with abundance, doth the Warres *ſupplie,*
Of the ſtill-thirſting Sea, *that's neuer drie.*
And now, theſe, being met alone endeard,
To mightie Neptune, *and his watrie* Heard:
But alſo to the great, and dreadfull Ioue
With all his ſacred Companies aboue,

Both

Both haue aſſented by their Loues *inuiting:*
To grace (with their owne preſence) this Vniting.
Ioue *cal'd a* Summons *to the* Worlds *great wonder;*
T'was that we heard of late, which we thought thunder.
A thouſand Legions *he intends to ſend them:*
Of Cherubins *and* Angells, *to attend them:*
And thoſe ſtrong Winds, *that did ſuch bluſtring keepe,*
Were but the Tritons, *ſounding in the* Deepe;
To warne each Riuer, *pettie* Streame *and* Spring,
Their aide vnto their Soueraigne *to bring.*
The Floods *and* Shewers *that came ſo plenteous downe,*
And lay entrencht in euery Field *and* Towne:
Were but retainers to the Nobler ſort,
That owe their Homage at the Wattie Court.
Or elſe the Streames *not pleaſ'd with their owne ſtore,*
To grace the Thames, *their* Miſtris *borrowed more.*
Exacting for their neighbering Dales *and* Hills,
But by conſent all, naught againſt their wills.
Yet now ſince in this ſtir, are brought to ground
Many faire buildings, many hundreds drown'd,
And dailie found, of broken Ships great ſtore,
That lie diſmembred vpon euery ſhore:
With diuers other miſchiefes knowne to all
This is the cauſe, that thoſe great harmes befall.
Whilſt others things, in redines did make,
Hells *hateſull* Haggs, *from out their priſons brake.*
And ſpighting at this hopefull match, began
To wreak their wrath, on Ayre, Earth, Sea *and* Man.
Some hauing ſhapes of Romiſh *ſhamelings got*
Spewd out their venome: and began to plot:
Which way to thwart it: others made their way
With much diſtraction thorough land *and* Sea

The reaſon of the tempeſtuous Winter.

The cauſe of all ſuch dangers, as fell out during the diſtemperature of the ayre.

Extreamely raging. But Almighty Ioue
Perceaues their Hate, *and* Enuy *from aboue:*
He'le checke their fury, and in yrons chain'd,
Their libertie abus'd, ſhall be reſtraind;
Hee'le ſhut them vp, from comming to moleſt,
The Meriments of Hymens *holy feaſt.*
Where ſhall be knit that ſacred Gordian *knot,*
Which in no age to come ſhall be forgot.
Which Policie *nor* Force *ſhall neere vnty,*
But muſt continue to eternitie.
Which for the whole Worlds *good was fore-decreed,*
With Hope *expected long; now come indeed.*
And of whoſe future glory, worth, *and* merit
Much I could ſpeak, with a prophetick ſpirit.
Thus by my *Muſes* deare aſſiſtance, finding
The cauſe of this diſturbance, with more minding
My Countries welfare, then my owne content:
And longing for to ſee this *Tales* euent.
My lonely life I ſuddainly forſooke,
He noteth the moſt admirable alteration of the weather a while before theſe Nuptials.
And to the *Court* againe, my Iorney tooke.
Meane while I ſawe the furious *Winds* were laid;
The riſings of the ſwelling *Waters* ſtaid.
The *Winter*, gan to change in euery thing;
And ſeem'd to borrow mildnes of the *Spring*.
The *Violet* and *Primerofe* freſh did growe;
And as in *Aprill*, trimd both *Cops* and *rowe*.
The *Citie*, that I left in mourning clad,
Drouping; as if it would haue ſtill bin ſad:
I found deckt vp; in robes ſo neat, and trimme,
Faire *Iris*, would haue look't but ſtale and dimme.
In her beſt cullors; had ſhe there appeard:
The *Sorrowes* of the *Court* I found well cleerd,

Their

Their wofull habits quite caſt off, and tyr'd
In ſuch a glorious faſhion; I admir'd.
All her cheefe *Peeres* and choiſeſt *beauties* too
In greater pompe, then *Mortalls* vſe to doe;
Wait as attendants; *Iuno's* come to ſee;
Becauſe ſhee heares that this ſolemnitie
Exceeds faire *Hippodamia's*, (where the ſtrife
Twixt *her*, *Minerua*, and lame *Vulcans* wife
Did firſt ariſe) and with her, leads along;
A noble, ſtately, and a mighty throng.
Venus, (attended with her rareſt features,
Sweet louely-ſmiling, and hart-mouing creatures,
The very faireſt *Iewells* of her treaſure,
Able to moue the ſenſeles ſtones to pleaſure)
Of all her ſweeteſt *Saints*, hath rõbd their ſhrines;
And brings them for the Courtiers *Valentines*.
Nor doth Dame *Pallas*, from theſe tryumphs lurke:
Her Nobleſt wits, ſhee freely ſets on worke.
Of late, ſhee ſummond them vnto this place,
To do your masks and *Reuells*, better grace.
Here* *Mars* himſelfe to, Clad in Armor bright,
Hath ſhowne his fury, in a bloudles fight;
And both on land, and water, ſternely dreſt,
Acted his bloudy *Stratagems*, in reſt.
Which to the people, frighted by their error;
With ſeeming wounds and death did ad more terror.
Beſides; to giue, the greater cauſe of wonder;
Ioue did vouchſafe, a ratling peale of thunder,
Cometts and *Meteors* by the ſtarrs exhald,
Were from the *Midle-region* lately cald:
And to a place appointed, made repaire,
To ſhow their firie friſcolls in the ayre.

The glotious preperation for this ſolemnity, the ſtate whereof, is here allegorically deſcribed.

* Meaning the Sea fight, and the taking of the Caſtle on the water which was moſt artificially perfor-med.

The fire works hee alludeth to thoſe exhalations.

People innumerable do reſort;
As if all *Europe* here would keepe one Court.
Yea *Hymen* in his ſafferon-coloured weed;
To celebrate his rites is full agreed.
All this I ſee; which ſeeing, makes me borrow,
Some of their mirth a while, and lay downe ſorrow.
And yet not this: but rather the delight,
My hart doth take in the much hoped ſight,
Of theſe thy glories, long already due:
And this ſweet comfort, that my eyes do viewe.
Thy happy Bridegrome; *Pr: Co: Palatine*,
Now thy beſt friend and trueſt *Valentine*.
Vpon whoſe brow, my mind doth read the ſtory,
Of mightie *fame*; and a true future glorie.
Me thinks I doe foreſee already, how
princes, and *Monarchs*, at his ſtirrop bow.
I ſee him ſhine in ſteele. The bloudy feilds
Already wonne; and how his proud *foe* yeelds.
God, hath ordaind him happines great ſtore:
And yet in nothing, is he happy more
Then in thy loue, (faire *Princeſſe*) For vnles
Heauen, like to *Man*, be prone to ficklenes:
Thy *Fortunes*, muſt be greater in effect,
Then *time*, makes ſhow of, or *men* can expect.
Yet, notwithſtanding all thoſe goods of *fate*;
Thy *Mind*, ſhall euer be aboue thy *ſtate*.
For ouer, and beſide thy proper merit,
Our laſt *Eliza*, grants her Noble ſpirit.
To be redoubled on thee; and your *names*
Being both one, ſhall giue you both one fames.
Oh bleſſed thou! and they to whom thou gui'ſt,
The leaue for to attend thee where thou liu'ſt.

And

And haples we, that muſt of force let goe,
The matchles treaſure, we eſteeme of ſo.
But yet, we truſt tis for our good, and thine:
Or els thou ſhouldſt not, chang thy *Thame* for *Rhyne*.
We hope, that this will the vniting proue,
Of *Countries*, and of *nations* by your *loue*.
And that from out your bleſſed loynes, ſhall come;
Another terror, to the *Whore of Rome*:
And ſuch a ſtout *Achilles* as ſhall make,
Her tottering Walls, and weake foundation ſhake.
For *Thetis*-like, thy fortunes do require:
Thy *Iſſue* ſhould be greater, then his *ſire*.
But (*gratious Princeſſe*) now ſince thus it fares:
And God ſo well for you, and vs, prepares.
Since he hath daign'd ſuch honors, for to do you
And ſhowne himſelfe, ſo fauorable to you.
Since he hath chang'd your ſorrowes, and your ſadnes
Into ſuch great, and vnexpected gladnes.
Oh now remember, for to be at leaſure
Sometime to think on him, amidſt your pleaſure!
Let not theſe glories of the *world* deceaue you
Nor her vaine fauors of your ſelfe bereaue you.
Conſider yet, for all this Iollitie,
Y'are mortall, and muſt feele mortalitie.
And that God can in midſt of all your Ioyes,
Quite daſh this pompe, and fill you with annoyes,
Triumphes are fit for *Princes*; yet we find,
They ought not wholy to take vp the mind.
Nor yet to be let paſt, as things in vaine,
For out of all things, wit will knowledge gaine.
Muſique may teach, of difference in degree,
The beſt tun'd *Common-Weales* will framed be.

And that he moues, and liues, with greateſt grace;
That vnto *Time*, and *Meaſure*, tyes his pace.
Then let theſe things be *Emblems*, to preſent.
Your Mind, with a more laſting true content.
When you behold the infinite reſort,
The glory and the ſplendor, of the Court:
What wondrous fauors, God doth here bequeath you,
How many hundred thouſands, are beneath you:
And view with admiration your great bliſſe,
Then with your ſelfe you may imagine this.
T'is but a blaſt, or tranſitorie ſhade;
Which in the turning of a hand, may fade.
Honors, which you your ſelfe did neuer winne.
And might, (had God bin pleas'd) anothers bin.
And think, if ſhaddowes haue ſuch mateſtie;
What are the glories of eternitie?
Then by this image of *a fight on ſea*,
Wherein you heard the thundring canons plea;
And ſaw flames, breaking from their Murthering throts;
Which in true skirmiſh, fling reſiſtles ſhots.
Your wiſdome may (and will no doubt) begin;
To caſt what perill a poore *Souldier's* in.
You will conceaue his miſeries and cares,
How many dangers, deaths and wounds he ſhares.
Then though the moſt paſſ'd ouer, and neglect them
That *Rethorick*, will moue you to reſpect them.
And if hereafter, you ſhould hap to ſee
Such *Mimick Apes*; (that courts diſgraces be)
I meane ſuch Chamber-combatants; who neuer
Weare other helmet, then a hat of *Beuer*.
Or nere board *Pinnace* but in ſilken ſaile,
And in the ſteed of boyſterous ſhirts of maile,

* He declares what vſe is to be made of theſe ſhowes & triumphes, and what meditations the mind may be occupied about when we behold them.

Goe

Goe arm'd in *Cambrick?* if that ſuch a *Kite*,
(I ſay) ſhould ſcorne an *Egle* in your ſight:
Your *wiſdome* iudge (by this experience) can:
Which hath moſt worth, *Hermaphrodite*, or *Man*.
The *nights* ſtrange* proſpects, made to feede the eyes; * Fire works.
With Artfull fyres, mounted in the skies:
Graced with horred claps of ſulphury thunders;
May make you mind, *Iehouahs* greater wonders.
Nor is there any thing, but you may thence
Reape inward gaine; aſwell as pleaſe the *Senſe*.
But pardon me (*oh fayreſt*) that am bold,
My heart thus freely, plainely, to vnfold.
What though I knowe, you knew all this before:
My loue *this* ſhowes, and that is ſomething more.
Do not, my honeſt ſeruice here diſdaine,
I am a faithfull, though an humble Swaine.
I'me none of thoſe, that haue the meanes or place;
With ſhowes of coſt to do your *Nuptialls* grace;
But only maſter, of my owne deſire,
Am hither come, with others to admire.
I am not of theſe *Helicopian* wits;
Whoſe pleaſing ſtraines the *Courts* knowne humor fits:
But a poore rurall *Sheapheard*, that for need
Can make ſheepe Muſique, on an *Oaten* reed.
Yet for my *loue* (Ile this be bold to boaſt)
It is as much to you, as his that's moſt:
Which; ſince I no way els, can now explaine,
If you'l in midſt of all theſe *glories*, daigne
To lend your eares vnto my *Muſe* ſo long:
She ſhall declare it, in a *Wedding ſong*.

EPITH

EPITHALAMION.

The Mariage being on Saint *Valentines* day the author ſhowes it by beginning with the ſaluration of a ſuppoſed *Valentine*.

VALENTINE, good morrow to thee,
Good I wiſh, though none I doe thee:
I would waite vpon thy pleaſure,
But I cannot be at leaſure.
For I owe this *day*, as debter,
To (a thouſand times) thy better,

Hymen now will haue effected
What hath been ſo long expected:
Thame thy *Miſtris*, now vnwedded;
Soone muſt with a *Prince* be bedded.
If thou'lt ſee her *Virgin* euer,
Come, and do it now, or neuer.

Where art thou, oh faire *Aurora*?
Call in *Ver* and Lady *Flora*.
And you daughters of the *Morning*,
In your neat'ſt, and feat'ſt, adorning:
Cleare your fore-heads, and be ſprightfull;
That this *day* may ſeeme delightfull.

All

Epithalamia.

All you *Nimphs*, that vſe the Mountaines;
Or delight in groues, and fountaines;
Shepheardeſſes, you that dally,
Either vpon Hill or vally;
And you daughters of the *Bower*,
That acknowledge *Veſtaes* power.

Oh you ſleep too long; awake yee,
See how *Time* doth ouertake yee:
Hark the *Lark* is vp and ſingeth,
And the houſe, with ecchoes ringeth.
Pretious howers, why neglect yee,
Whil'ſt affaires, thus expect yee?

Come away, vpon my bleſſing,
The *bride-chamber*, lies to dreſſing:
Strow the waies, with leaues of *Roſes*,
Some make *garlands*, ſome make *poſes*,
'Tis a fauor and't may ioy you;
That your *Miſtris* will employ you.

Where's * *Sabrina*, with her daughters; *Sheern.
That do ſport about her waters;
Thoſe that with their locks of *Amber*, *Wakes.
Haunt the fruitfull hills of Camber;
We muſt haue to fill the number;
All the *Nimphs* of *Trent* and *Humber*.

Epithalamia.

Fie; your haſt, is ſcarce ſufficing,
For the *Bride's* awake and riſing.
Enter beauties, and attend her:
All your helps; and ſeruice lend her.
With your quaint'ſt, and new'ſt deuiſes:
Trim your Lady, faire *Thamiſis*.

See ſhee's ready: with *Ioyes* greet her,
Lads, go bid the *Brid-groome* meet her.
But from raſh approach aduiſe him,
Leaſt a too much loy, ſurprize him.
None I ere knew yet, that dared:
View an *Angell*, vnprepared.

Now vnto the *Church* ſhe hies her,
Enuy burſts, if ſhee eſpies her.
In her geſtures, as ſhe paces,
Are vnited all the *Graces*:
Which who ſees and hath his ſenſes,
Loues, inſpight of all defences.

Oh moſt true maieſtick creature.
Nobles did you note her feature?
Felt you not an inward motion,
Tempting *Loue* to yeeld deuotion;
And as you were eu'n deſiring.
Something check you, for aſpiring?

That's

That's hir *Vertue* which ſtill tameth
Looſe deſires: and bad thoughts blameth.
For whilſt others were vnruly,
She obſeru'd *Diana* truly:
And hath by that meanes, obteyned,
Guifts of her that none haue gained.

Yon's the *Bridgrome* d'yee not ſpy him?
See how all the *Ladies* eye him.
Venus his perfection findeth,
And no more *Adonis* mindeth:
Much of him my Hart deuineth:
On whoſe brow all *Vertue* ſhineth.

Two ſuch *Creatures Nature* would not,
Let one place long keep: ſhe ſhould not:
One ſhee'le haue, (ſhe cares not whether)
But our *Loues* can ſpare her neither.
Therefore ere we'le ſo be ſpighted;
They in one ſhall be vnited.

Natures ſelfe, is well contented,
By that meanes, to be preuented.
And behold, they are retired,
So conioyn'd, as we deſired:
Hand in hand, not only fixed,
But their harts, are intermixed.

Happy they, and we that ſee it,
For the good of *Europe* be it.
And heare *Heauen* my deuotion,
Make this *Rhyne* and *Thame* an *Ocean*:
That it may with might and wonder,
Whelme the pride of *Tyber* vnder.

Tyber is the Riuer which runneth by Rome.

Now yon *Hall* their perſons ſhroudeth,
Whither all this people crowdeth.
There they feaſted are with plentie,
Sweet *Ambroſia* is no deinty.
Groomes quaff *Nectar*: for theres meeter,
Yea more coſtly wines, and ſweeter.

Whitehall.

Young men all, for ioy go ring yee,
And your merrieſt *Carolls* ſing yee.
Here's of *Damzells* many choices,
Let them tune their ſweeteſt voices.
Fet the *Muſes* too, to cheare them:
They can rauiſh, all that heare them.

Ladyes, t'is their *Highneſſe* pleaſures,
For to ſee you, foot the *Meaſures*:
Louely geſtures addeth graces,
To your bright, and *Angell* faces.
Giue your actiue minds the bridle:
Nothing worſe, then to be idle.

Epithalamia.

Worthies, your affaires forbeare yee,
For the *State* a while may ſpare yee:
Time was, that you loued ſporting,
Haue you quite forgot your Courting?
Ioy the hart of *Cares* beguileth:
Once a yeare Apollo *ſmileth*.

Semel in anno ridet Appol.

Fellow ſhepheards, how I pray you,
Can your *flocks* at this time ſtay you?
Let vs, alſo hie vs thither,
Lets lay all our witts together.
And ſome *Paſtorall* inuent them,
For to ſhow the *loue* we ment them.

I my ſelfe though meaneſt ſtated,
(And in (*ours* now almoſt hated)
Will knit vp my * *ſcourge*, and venter
In the midſt of them to enter:
For I know, ther's no diſdaining,
Where I looke for entertaining.

* Abuſes ſtripe and whipt.

See, me thinks the very *ſeaſon*,
As if capable of Reaſon;
Hath laine by her native rigor,
The faire *Sunbeames* haue more vigor.
They are *Eols* moſt endeared:
For the *Ayre's* ſtild, and cleared.

He noteth the miſdemeanor of the winter which (excepting that the beginning was very windy, was as temperate as the ſpring.

Epithalamia.

Fawnes, and *lambs*, and *kidds* do play,
In the honor of this *day*.
The ſhrill *Blacke-bird*, and the *Thruſhe*
Hops about in euery buſh:
And among the tender twiggs,
Chaunt their ſweet harmonious ijgs.

Moſt men are of opinion that third yeuery byrd doth chuſe her mate for that yeare.

Yea, and mou'd by this example,
They doe make each *Grove* a *temple*:
Where their *time* the beſt way vſing,
They their *Summer loues* are chuſing.
And vnles ſome *Churle* do wrong them.
There's not an od bird, among them.

Yet I heard as I was walking,
Groues and hills by *Eccheos* talking.
Reeds, vnto the ſmall brooks whiſtling;
Whilſt they danc't, with pretty ruſhling.
Then for *vs*, to ſleep twere pitty:
Since *dumb creatures* are ſo witty.

But oh *Titan*, thou doſt dally,
Hie thee to thy *Veſterne valley*.
Let this night one hower borrow;
Shee ſhall pay't againe, to morrow.
And if thou'lt that fauor do them,
Send thy ſiſter *Phabe* to them.

But

But ſhee's come, her ſelfe vnasked:
And brings * *Gods* and *Heroes* masked.
None yet ſaw, or heard in ſtory,
Such immortall, mortall glorie.
View not, without *preparation*:
Leaſt you faint, in *admiration*.

By theſe he meanes the 2. Maſques, one of them being preſented by the Lords, the other by the Gentry.

Say my *Lords*, and ſpeak truth barely,
Mou'd they not exceeding rarely?
Did they not ſuch praiſes merit,
As if *fleſh* had all bin *ſpirit*?
True indeed, yet I muſt tell them,
There was *One* did far excell them.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,
Night vnwares away is ſtealing.
Their delay, the poore *bed* wrongeth,
That for *Bride*, with *Bride groome* longeth:
And aboue all other places,
Muſt be bleſt, with their embraces.

Reuellers, then now forbeare yee,
And vnto your reſts prepare yee.
Let's a while your abſence borrow,
Sleep to night, and *dance* to morrow.
We could well allow your Courting,
But twill hinder, better ſporting.

They

Epithalamia.

They are gone; and *Night* all lonely,
Leaues the *Bride* with *Bridegroome* only.
Muſe now tell; (for thou haſt power
For to fly thorough wall or tower.)
What contentments their harts cheareth;
And how louely ſhee appeareth.

And yet do not, tell it no man.
Rare conceits may ſo grow common;
Do not to the *Vulgar* ſhow them,
(It is enough that *thou* doſt know them.)
Their ill harts, are but the *Center*,
Where all miſconceauings enter.

But thou *Luna* that doſt lightly,
Haunt our downes and forreſts nightly.
Thou that fauor'ſt generation,
And art help, to procreation:
See their *Iſſue* thou ſo cheriſh,
I may liue, to ſee it flouriſh.

And you *Planets* in whoſe power,
Doth conſiſt, theſe liues of our;
You that teach vs *Diuinations*,
Help with all your *Conſtellations*:
For to frame in *Her* a creature,
Bleſt in *Fortune*, *Wit*, and *Feature*.

Laſtly;

Laſtly; oh you *Angells* ward them,
Set your ſacred *Spels* to gard them:
Chaſe away ſuch feares, or terrors,
As not being; ſeeme through errors.
Yea let not a *dreames* moleſting,
Make them ſtart, when they are reſting.

But THOV chiefly; moſt adored;
That ſhouldſt only, be implored.
Thou to whom my meaning tendeth,
Whether er'e in ſhow, it bendeth:
Let them reſt to night from ſorrow
And awake with ioy to morrow.

Oh, to my *requeſt* be heedfull,
Grant them *that*, and al things needful.
Let not theſe, my ſtraines of *Folly*,
Make *true prayer* be vnholy,
But, if I haue here offended:
Help, forgiue, and ſee it mended.

Daigne me *this*. And if my *Muſes*
Haſtie iſſue, ſhee peruſes;
Make it vnto her ſeeme gratefull,
Though to all the *World* els, hateful.
But how er'e, yet *Soule* perſeuer,
Thus to wiſh her good, for euer.

Epithalamia.

THus ends the *Day*, together with my Song;
Oh; may the loyes thereof continue long.
Let *Heauens* iuſt, all-ſeeing, ſacred power;
Fauor this happie *Iubile*, of your:
And bleſſe you, in your chaſt embraces ſo,
We *Britans*, may behold before you goe.
The hopefull Iſſue, we ſhall count ſo deare
And whom, (vnborne) his foes already feare.
Yea I deſire, that all your ſorrowes may;
Neuer be more, then they haue been to day,
Which hoping; For acceptance now I ſue,
And humbly, bid your *Grace*, and *Court* adue.
I ſaw the ſight, I came for; which I know,
Was more then all, then world beſide could ſhow.
But if amongſt *Apolloes* Layes you can,
Be pleaſd, to lend a gentle eare to *Pan*:
Or thinke your Country *Shepheard*, loues as deare,
As if he were a *Courtier*, or a *Peere*:
Then I, that els muſt to my *Cell* of paine,
Will ioyfull, tnrne vnto my *flocke* againe.
And there, vnto my fellow *ſheapheards* tell,
Why *you* are lou'd; wherein *you* doe excell:
And when we driue our *flocks* a field to graze them,
So chaunt your praiſes, that it ſhall amaze them:
And thinke that *Fate*, hath new recald from death,
Their ſtill-lamented, ſweet *Elizabeth*.
For though they ſee the *Court*, but now and then
They know *deſert* as well as *Greater* men:
And honord *Fame*, in them doth liue or die;
As well, as in the mouth of *Maieſty*.
But taking granted, what I here intreat:
At heauen for you, my *deuotions* beat,

And

And though I feare, *fate* will not ſuffer me,
To do you ſeruice, where your *Fortunes* be:
How ere my skill, hath yet deſpiſed ſeem'd,
(And my vnripened wit, been miſeſteem'd.)
When all this coſtly *Showe*, away ſhall flit,
And not one liue, that doth remember it:
If *Enuies* trouble, let not to perſeuer;
Ile find a meanes, to make it knowne for euer.

CERTAINE EPIGRAMMES CONCERNING MARIAGE.

Epigram 1.

TIs ſaid; in Marriage aboue all the reſt
The children of a King find comforts leaſt,
Becauſe wit hout reſpect of Loue, or Hate
They muſt, and oft be, ruled by the State:
But if contented Loue; Religions care;
Equalitie in State, *and* yeares *declare*
A happie Match (as I ſuppoſe no leſſe)
Then rare, and great's Elizaes *Happineſſe.*

Epigram 2.

GOd was the firſt that Marriage did ordaine,
By making One, two; and two, One againe.

Epigram

Epigram 3.

SOuldier; of thee I aske, for thou canſt beſt,
Hauing knowne ſorrow, iudge of Ioy and Reſt.
What greater bliſſe, then after all thy harmes,
To haue a wife that's faire, and lawfull thine:
And lying priſon'd twix't her Iuory armes;
There tell, what thou haſt ſcapt by powers diuine?
How many, round thee, thou haſt murthered ſeene;
How oft thy ſoule hath been neere hand expiring,
How many times thy fleſh hath wounded beene:
Whilſt ſhe thy fortune, and thy worth admiring,
With ioy of health; and pitie of thy paine;
Doth weepe, and kiſſe, and kiſſe, and weepe againe.

Epigram 4.

FAire Helen *hauing ſtain'd her husbands bed,*
And mortall hatred twix't two Kingdomes bred,
Had ſtill remaining in her; ſo much good
That Heroes, *for her, loſt their deareſt blood:*
Then; if with all that ill, ſuch worth may laſt,
Oh what is ſhe worth, that's as faire and chaſt!

Epigram 5.

OLd Orpheus, *knew a good* wiues *worth ſo well,*
That when his di'd, he followed her to hell:
And for her loſſe, at the Elizean *Groue,*
He did not onely Ghoſts, to pitie moue:
But the ſad Poet breath'd his ſighes ſo deepe;
T'is ſaid the Diuels could not chuſe but weepe.

Epithalamia.

Epigram 6.

LOng did I wonder, and I wondred much,
Romes Church ſhould from her Clergie take that due,
I thought I why ſhould ſhe that contentment grutch?
What, doth ſhee all with continence indue?
Noe; but why then are they debar'd that ſtate?
Is ſhee become a foe vnto her owne?
Doth ſhee the members of her bodie hate?
Or is it for ſome other cauſe vnſhowne?
Oh yes; they find a womans lips ſo daintie;
They tie themſelues from one; cauſe theile haue twenty.

Epigram 7.

WOmen, as ſome men ſay, vnconſtant be,
Perhaps a few; and ſo no doubt are men:
Nay if their ſcapes, we could ſo plainely ſee,
I feare, that ſcarce there will be one, for ten.
Men, haue but their owne luſts that tempt to ill;
Women haue luſts, and mens allurements to:
Alas, if their ſtrengths cannot curbe their will;
What ſhould poore women, that are weaker do?
Oh they had need, be chaſt, and looke about them,
That ſtriue 'gainſt iuſt within, and knaues without them.

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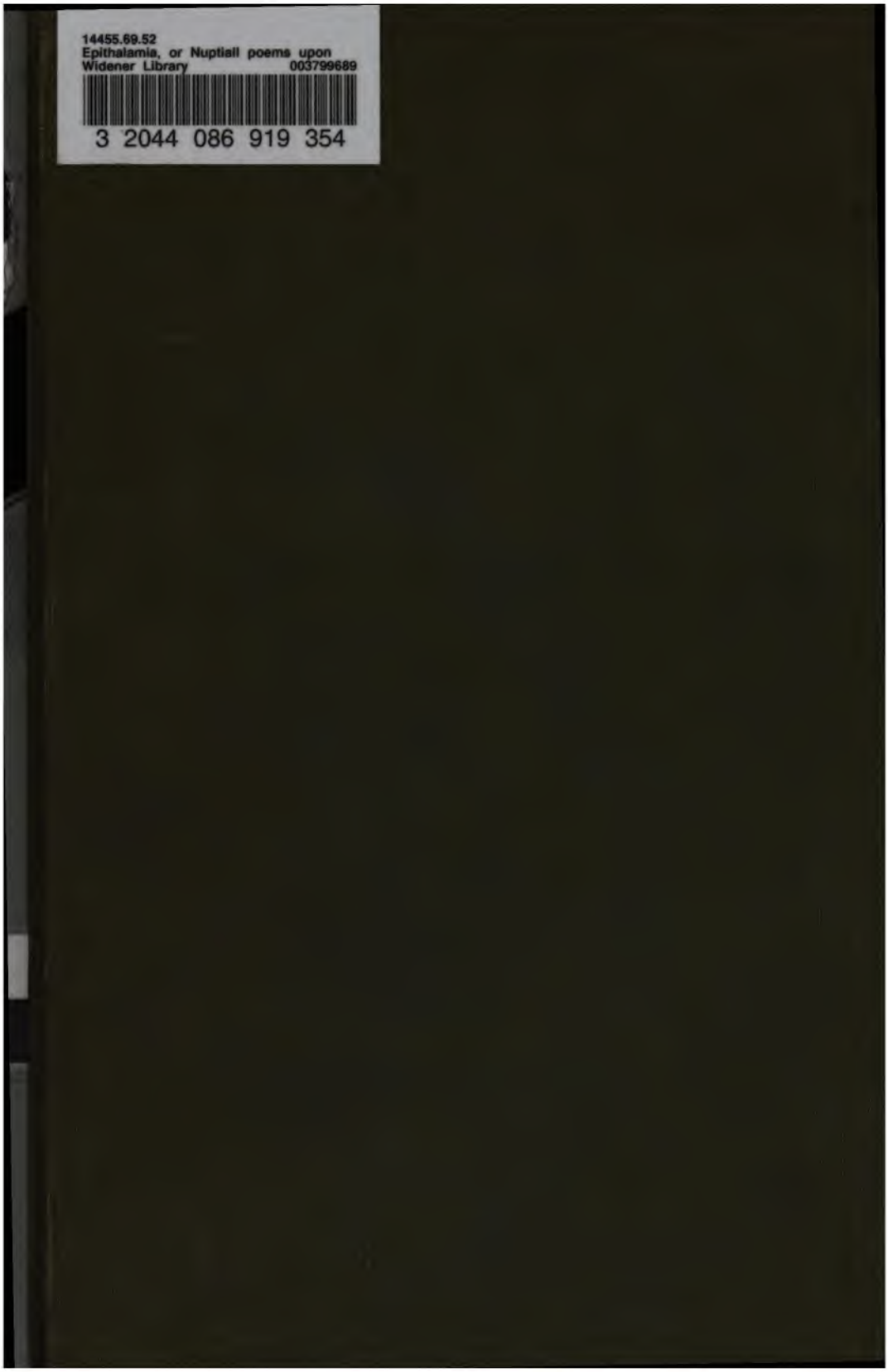
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